

"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

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AND OF MUSIC-SELLERS.

CBS ADMINISTRATION

A REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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MISS EMILY SHINNER.

From a Photo by Wayland & Co., Blackheath and Streatham.

MISS EMILY SHINNER.

The distinguished English violinist, Miss Emily Shinner (Mrs. F. Liddell), first saw the light at Cheltenham, where she prosecuted her early musical studies under the guidance of Mr. Ellis, a very capable local musician (now gone over to the great majority) and a fellow-student with Ernst and Joachim. With his help and the encouragement of her father, an enthusiastic amateur, progress was so rapid that at the age of ten Miss Shinner played before Sir Charles and Lady Hallé (then Mr. Hallé and Madame Norman Neruda) selecting Spohr's Barcarolle and Scherzo; the real début was, however, made at Cheltenham in 1877 with Rode's well-known Concerto in A minor.

Entering at the Berlin Hoch-Schule at the age of 14, Miss Shinner became Herr Joachim's first lady pupil there; though not until she had had six months' preliminary tuition from Herr Jacobsen, a very excellent and painstaking master. And now came three years of hard work and steadfast pegging away. Then engagements rapidly followed—Berlin, Potsdam (with Stavenhagen), Hamburg, and other cities, were in turn visited—and eventually Miss Shinner's formal début was made in London at one of Mr. H. R. Bird's concerts at Kensington Town Hall, where she played a Brahms' Sonata, with Mr. Fuller Maitland at the pianoforte.

At a London Musical Society Concert, shortly after, Miss Shinner performed a David Concerto; and, her appearances at a Monday Pop. at very short notice; at the Crystal Palace, where Spohr's 7th Concerto was given with immense success; and at a Henschel Concert, where she played Mendelssohn's Concerto, at once placed her in the first rank of British violinists. Since that time the now well-known "Shinner Quartet" has been formed. It was the first, and probably still is, the only quartet formed exclusively of ladies which executes adequately chamber music of the highest class; and its reputation, which has been gradually extending ever since it was founded, is now

deservedly very high. Their performances are distinguished by that perfection of *ensemble* which can only be acquired by a long and intimate association between the players, and, as the *Monthly Musical Record* says, "it requires no great stretch of imagination for a listener to imagine himself at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Shinner Quartet has appeared with the greatest success not only in London, but at York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield, Bradford, Windsor, Huddersfield, Oxford, Cheltenham, Birmingham, &c., and is now much in request at private houses where good music is loved and appreciated.

Miss Shinner confesses to a strong partiality for the works of Brahms, though she loves Bach and Mozart, whose beautiful violin concertos she thinks should be better known. She advises that children should practise on small-sized instruments until their hands and arms are fairly developed, in order to avoid the contracting of bad habits eradicated subsequently with difficulty. In fact, she herself played on a three-quarter size (one of the very rare three-quarter violins in existence by N. Amati) with a short bow until she entered the Hoch-Schule, though after that date to the present time she has habitually performed on a splendid Strad, presented to her by her father.

Miss Shinner's playing is distinguished by the dignity, loftiness and nobility of style which characterises her renowned master, and she naturally has not much sympathy with the modern French school, either as regards its music, bowing or tone; which she regards as contrasting unfavourably with the manner of the old French school of Viotti and Rode, whose style Herr Joachim himself adopts.

Our numerous lady reader violinists cannot have a better model than Miss Shinner, and we heartily commend her example to those ambitious souls who are burning to distinguish themselves in the world of musical art.



A special feature in the excellent organ fugues of Buxtehude, the greatest composer for the instrument before Bach, is his custom of varying the subject as it appears after the exposition.

"Jephtha" was the last, and "Theodora" the last but one of Handel's works.

A Dean was originally a superintendent over ten parishes, or over ten canons in monastic houses, the name being derived from the Latin *decem*, ten.

He is the head of the chapter (Fr. *chapitre*) or council of clergymen (prebendaries), belonging to cathedral or collegiate church. Their meeting-house, as well as that of the managers of monasteries and abbeys, is called the Chapter House, which usually opens into the church at the west of the transepts. The Dean and Chapter formally elect the Bishop of their diocese, on the issue of a *congé d'élire* (right of selection) from the Crown, which compels them to elect no other than the Crown's nominee.

MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS AT SOME HOLIDAY RESORTS.

Owing to the fact that we were compelled to go to press rather earlier than usual, the list of musical and other attractions at our seaside and inland favourite holiday resorts is very much smaller than we hoped would have been the case, several particulars reaching us too late for insertion, notably those from many of the principal watering places. We much regret this, as our desire was to give our numerous readers an outline of the fare provided for their amusement at the different places of holiday resort; as it is, we can only refer to the particulars which have come to hand.

BOGNOR (Sussex).

The **Assembly Rooms** has an attractive list of entertainments for the month of August. On the 6th, 7th and 8th, a Variety Entertainment will be given; 9th, 10th, 11th, 27th, 28th and 29th, arrangements have been made with good theatrical companies; 13th, 14th and 15th, capital concert programmes will be announced; and on the 24th Mr. German Reed's company will appear and **Mr. Corney Grain** will give one of his popular sketches.

ISLE OF MAN.

Douglas.—At **The Grand Theatre** theatrical or operatic performances will be given every evening. Concerts and other entertainments every afternoon and evening (including dancing) are announced at **The Palace, The Pavilion and Falcon Cliff. Sacred Concerts** at the Palace and Pavilion every Sunday evening.

Ramsey.—**The Palace**, concerts and variety entertainments every afternoon and evening. From 5th to 19th August the **Probyn Ladies' Orchestra** will again give a series of concerts. **Wesleyan Methodist Church:** Mr. J. Craine's oratorio, "The Story of the Cross," will be sung on **Thursday, 23rd August**, and a lecture on Tennyson (with musical illustrations) will be given by the Rev. Dr. Downes, of London, on **Monday, 27th August. The Bohemian Choir** of five performers will give concerts every evening on **Queen's Pier**. If wet, they will be given in the **Old Cross Hall**.

LOWESTOFT.

The musical attractions at this favourite resort are numerous and of a popular type. On the **South Pier** the band of the **Prince of Wales'**

Own Artillery plays every afternoon and evening. In the hall above the Reading Rooms **attractive concerts** are given under the direction of Dr. Bunnett. For full particulars see weekly announcements in *The Lowestoft Journal*. The **Town Band** plays in various parts of the town during the day.

MORECAMBE.

The People's Palace has a varied and attractive programme of entertainments advertised, and the manager has much pleasure in announcing that **Mr. Sims Reeves** will appear on **August 4th and 6th**.

RHYL.

Palace & Summer Gardens: Mr. Robert Watt has made arrangement for the production of "**Pink Dominoes**" during the season. The celebrated **Moore and Burgess Troupe** are also engaged. Every **Monday** there will be a Firework Display and Promenade Concert in the grounds.

TORQUAY.

Bath Saloon: Mr. Albert Chevalier is announced for August 6th and 7th.

YARMOUTH.

Royal Aquarium Theatre (sole lessee and manager, Mr. J. W. Nightingale).—R. D'Oyly Carte's "**Utopia Limited**," "**The Lady Slavey**," Sir Augustus Harris' Co. in "**A Life of Pleasure**," Valentine Smith's Grand Opera Co., Professor Crocker's Educated Horses, "**A Gaiety Girl**," "**The Trumpet Call**," "**Don Juan**" from the Gaiety Theatre, "**La Cigale**" from the Lyric Theatre, Edward Compton and Co., "**Morocco Bound**" from the Shaftesbury Theatre, "**A Woman's Revenge**" from the Adelphi, Auguste Van Biene's Co. in "**In Town**," C. W. Garthorne and Co. in "**The Queen's Shilling**."

Theatre Royal (sole proprietor and manager, Mr. J. W. Nightingale).—W. Edouin's "**Niobe**" Co., Mrs. Bandmann Palmer and repertoire, W. S. Penley's Co. in "**Charley's Aunt**," Thomas Thorne and Co., "**The Second Mrs. Tanqueray**," "**The County Councillor**," "**A Woman of No Importance**" from the Haymarket Theatre, Ben Greet and Co. in "**Sowing the Wind**," Miss Emma Hutchinson and Co. in "**Pink Dominoes**," "**The Bauble Shop**."



"'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind."

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats keep near the shore."

PHREDDY'S PHIRST PHESTIVAL.

I had been looking forward to the Handel Festival for some months past, in fact, ever since I had received an invitation to take part as a member of the band, and when the time arrived to commence operations I was in a great state of excitement. I had to go down to the C. P. for a couple of band rehearsals, and took my seat with a certain amount of awe and trembling at having to play under the famous conductor for the first time. Seated on that great orchestra with only a sprinkling of others around, and perhaps 100 or so people scattered about in the centre transept, one was able to form some idea of the enormous area available both for audience and performers.

The official figures for each section of performers were:—Sopranos, 733; altos and contraltos, 86 and 707; tenors, 683; basses, 788; band, 519.

When one considers what a lot of room an ordinary band of 80 to 100 players takes up, it can be well imagined what a large proportion of space had to be allotted to the band alone. From where I sat it looked quite a long walk across to the topmost desk on the opposite side, and I began to wonder whether every one would be able to see the beat. All these cogitations were suddenly broken off short by Mr. Manns telling every one to come down off the roof and fill up the desks close in front.

No one, however, dared to go under his very nose and join the professional gentlemen who sat at the first desk, but one fussy old chap came very near it, and I expected to see some fiddling of the first water from him, but was woefully disappointed. His nose seemed to be glued to the music most of the time, and as for using his bow arm—why he didn't; about four or five inches of bow seemed to be all he could manage.

To any one unaccustomed to Mr. Manns, his method is a little bewildering at first, and his short, quick sentences not at all easy to understand, though frequently very amusing. He certainly does not waste any time, but pulls you up, shouts out some instructions, and off you go again—probably long before some of the slow-coaches have discovered what is wanted. Several times I stopped playing when he rapped on the desk and saw lots of others go sawing steadily on as if nothing had happened; they couldn't possibly have been looking at his beat or paying very much attention—at least, so it struck me as a novice. And the pace at which some wanted to go! "The monster Polypheme" came tearing along in the style of a Kreutzer exercise rather than stately old Handel, but Mr. Manns would have none of it, and hauled the offenders over the coals.

Well, on Rehearsal day I went down in a shocking crowd, but managed to get there without the loss of anything beyond a little adipose tissue. Eventually I got on the orchestra to watch the people coming in. It was really an extraordinary sight, especially to one who had not seen the like before. I was located in nearly the last row of the violins, and had a good view right down to the great stage. Gradually every one settled down in their places, and at last the noble army, "men and girls," was ready for action. A prolonged roar of applause greets Mr. Manns as he takes his place, punctual to the minute, and without further ado the rehearsal commences. And it is literally a rehearsal, too. Several things are not to his liking, notably the first "Deborah" chorus, which is too sleepy and slack generally. He thereupon shouts out directions to the choir to make it much more joyous and bright, "something like dis," and he endeavoured to illustrate his wishes vocally. A facetious old chap playing at next desk to me at once resolved to write and ask his terms for singing lessons, whilst chorus seemed highly amused. A gloomy chorus from "Jephthah" also requires polishing up a bit, and a most startling effect is produced by the recurrence of one phrase ending "is right." These words, whenever they occur, are shouted out *ff* by the whole lot in short crisp quavers. Eventually this was made to go more satisfactorily, and we plunged into a lot of the "Israel" choruses. Some of these were decidedly ragged, but were passed over (excepting the "Hailstone"), Mr. Manns presumably thinking that they would be all right when the time came. I felt pretty tired at the finish, and was glad to get outside into the fresh air.

Monday, the first day, was a glorious morning, and augured well for the success of the "Messiah." At the stroke of two Mr. Manns trotted up the stairs and rapped us all up for "God Save the Queen." This was followed by three hearty cheers in honour of the Duke of York's little son, who arrived at White Lodge on the Saturday before, and those 700 odd basses *did* give tongue with a vengeance. That done, no time was wasted in beginning the familiar old oratorio. All the well-known favourites were received with acclamation, but the effect on me personally in "For unto us" at the fiddle passages leading up to "Wonderful, Counsellor," &c., was so exciting that I literally could not play at all, but was irresistibly compelled to listen to the tremendous *fs* at each of those entries. Later on the "Hallelujah" was grand in the extreme, but those colossal *fs*'s simply took my breath away. When we got down to "Glory to

God" I began to make rash bets with my partner as to how many "dominos" there would be in the last four bars, where the angels are popularly supposed to retire from earth up Jacob's ladder. It got quite exciting as we neared the critical spot, and, much to my delight, several came in on the second beat instead of the third, looking very confused at so doing.

My partner wanted to make out it was owing to the goodly number of ladies playing, but I couldn't agree to that at any price, it was much too ungallant a remark.

During the interval I met a friend, M——, who, like myself, was a Festival novice. He was in the choir, and was sandwiched between two burly Yorkshiremen, evidently old hands at the game. His youthful ardour and impetuosity led him (so he told me) to involuntarily beat time with one foot now and again. One old Tyke at once sniffed around with a ferocious frown on his 'phat phiz,' but M—— was wide-awake enough to shut up at once. Later on the same thing occurred, and a little good, homely Yorkshire dropped from the old chap's lips; still, M—— managed to escape notice. Presently, in the row in front, some unsuspecting pallid youth commenced to beat time for himself at a fatal moment, and at once the indignant Tyke jumped on him with "Now, look here, young feller, just you keep thata fut still! I've been a'waiting to drop on ye for some time, and now I've cotched ye!" M——, of course, "lay low and said nuffin," but was intensely amused at the (for him) fortunate mistake made by his neighbour.

The number in the second part was, to my thinking, "Why do the nations?" It was grand, and no mistake. The orchestral introduction always has a vigour and dash that no other number has, and it went splendidly. The old chap who manipulated those enormous drums seemed to revel in his work, just as if he had some of the "heathen" inside, and was doing his level best to pound them into a jelly. Mr. Santley sang at a tremendous pace; I was too far off to hear really well, but the roars of applause which greeted him at the finish was sufficient indication of the manner in which he rendered the grand old air.

Madame Albani sang extremely well in "I know," but did not stick to Handel's music; in one place there was absolute discordancy, the violins playing one note and she singing another, but in "Rejoice greatly" she gave a splendidly spirited rendering.

After all was over every one made a bolt outside for tea and fresh air. The latter was genuine enough, but as for the former, all one can say is "it was fearfully and wonderfully made," and the flavour was, well, "not there! not there, my child!"

Sitting outside in the newly-made North Garden listening to the band on a perfect evening soon made M—— and I feel better, especially as he knocked up against his big Yorkshireman again, and gently intimated to him that Surrey had made over 400 runs against his many-acred shire, at which the B. Y. in question was anything but pleased.

Wednesday's performance was memorable (so I was told) for two, if not more, reasons. Before anything was done we stood up to play the "Dead March" in Saul, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late French President, M. Carnot. The effect was truly grand, and the contrast between the second part, played just by flutes and bassoons alone, and the final repeat of the first subject, played by the entire lot, was most striking.

Then followed the bright "occasional" overture, the march from which was encored. Of course, this is the soloist's day more than any other, but it is impossible to refer to more than one or two. Mr. Santley's "Honor and Arms," of course, fetched the basses in particular, as did Edward Lloyd the tenors in "Sound an alarm" and "Love in her eyes."

Madame Melba (with Mr. Fransella playing the flute obligato) gave a wonderful rendering of "Sweet Bird," winding up after a brilliant cadenza with a top D, a note which I fancy is seldom heard at a Handel Festival.

Another little incident happened in "Wretched Lovers," just at the place where the words, "the forest shakes," come in. The "ample strides" came out clear and crisp enough, and then, to ensure the whole band and chorus coming in exactly together, Mr. Manns gave a most vicious cross beat as a cue for the entry, which apparently wrenched his shoulder very badly, and for the major part of the remainder of the programme he beat time with his left hand.

The only other thing I took much note of was the Sonata. How it went from an audience's point of view I don't know, but it seemed to go uncommonly well, and I thoroughly enjoyed playing it—quite a relief after so much steady-going chorus work.

Going back home the eternal fitness of things was vividly brought to one's mind. At one station there was a band of niggers on the platform, who played appropriate music, of course. Few would guess what it was, but the solo violinist played "Comfort ye" (of all things in the world) in his very best style—the remaining black faces and their owners posing in picturesque attitudes, and listening with rapt attention—apparently!

"Israel in Egypt" occupied the last day, and was preceded by a selection from an anthem com-

posed by Handel at the death of Queen Caroline. It nearly gave me the blues, and I was quite glad to play the last note. Then came the huge double choruses; all was plain sailing until we arrived at "He spake the word, and there came all manner of —," and all the fiddles suddenly went tearing all over the place representing flies—and such a jumble occasionally—really it was very difficult to keep the time strict, and one lot of flies generally got landed at home some time before the others came up; however, the effect was all Handel could have wished for—and probably greater!

The familiar "Hailstones" pattered down in a most realistic way, and the thunder was magnificent. This was encored, and, to my thinking, went even better at the second time of asking.

The next that impressed me was "He led them through the deep," and those splendid basses *did* "lead them," and no mistake. It seemed like a thick wall of sound (if there can be such a thing), powerful, sonorous, and of grand quality; the most carping critic would have found it difficult to pick out any holes in their rendering.

After the welcome interval, the great duet, "The Lord is a man of war," was sung by Messrs. Andrew Black and Norman Salmond. The former sang with immense spirit and dash, and seemed to be in better form altogether than his partner. In

the chorus, "And with the blast of His nostrils," something went wrong completely. What happened I couldn't quite make out, but Mr. Manns stopped the whole thing after some six bars or so had gone and recommenced. The chorus were all at sea, and seemed to stick there until fished out and started afresh. Then came Mr. Edward Lloyd in "The enemy said," and he *did* sing it splendidly, winding up with a top A and G, which brought forth roars of applause from every one.

I got awfully tired towards the end, and was right glad to start "The horse and his rider," which went with a swing and precision that so excited one that I felt compelled again to stop and listen for the last time (for three years, at all events) to my favourite basses "plunging into the sea"—the effect was nearly as fine as "Wonderful" in the "Messiah." To wind up, of course, we played the National Anthem, and at the last verse Mr. Manns turned round to the audience, and carved away as well as his stiff shoulder would allow, making them join in as well. As might be expected, we made *him* come up and bow his acknowledgments again after the conclusion, and I went away back home feeling very proud of having assisted in what will possibly be remembered as an unique "Phestival."



PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 6.

This month we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best setting (in 4 parts) of the Response to the Commandments according to the use of the Church of England, and generally known as the "Kyrie Eleison." The same melody must be employed in three varied forms for the first nine commandments; in the first the principal melody must be in the upper part; in the second, the same melody must be given to the tenor, with varied harmony; in the third, the same melody is to be sung in unison, with an independent accompaniment for the organ. There must be no repetition of words, and the highest note for treble and tenor is not to be above E, and for alto and bass C. There must be a separate response for the tenth commandment; the organ part, with the exception above mentioned, need not be independent of the voices. All other details are left to the competitors.

The following rules must also be strictly adhered to:—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street,

not later than August 27th (answers arriving by first post *only* will be in time), the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in replies accompanied by the coupon.

3. The envelope must contain a *sealed* envelope marked on *outside* with the motto chosen, and containing the competitor's name and address *only*.

4. The copyright of the winning setting to become the property of the "MINIM," and the music will be engraved and published in our October number.

COUPON.

KYRIE ELEISON FOR PARISH CHOIRS.

Motto _____

LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S JOURNAL.—No. IV.

"Oh! rubbish, yes you can; I'm sure you can if 'you'll only take the trouble to work up your counterpoint and stuff, and learn to call things by their proper theoretical names. You start on with 'some good man, and in three months he'll tell 'you whether to enter or not."

The foregoing was the closing argument of my old friend, the Pimple, in favour of my trying to pass some recognised musical examination. We had been chatting about it on and off for some weeks, but that wretched Pimple is really a nuisance sometimes; when he gets an idea into his boxwood-like cranium it sticks there, and he had made up his mind that I ought to go up for the Associated Board Examination, or A.T.C.L., or something of that sort, just because he had managed to scrape through. I liked the idea in a way, but every time I met him he trotted out some new reason as to why I *ought* to try, till at last I became perfectly sick of it, and said, emphatically, No! This was just what the Pimple wanted, he's one of those irrepresible, irritating, exasperating sort of people, who won't take No for an answer, but keep on worrying until one's vocabulary of cuss-words becomes extremely slender.

The number of books and things that went humming across the room at his head produced no effect to speak of, except on the bindings, which usually suffered, but at last, in sheer desperation, I determined to shut him up by saying Yes, when a fitting opportunity arrived.

This happened after the closing argument referred to above—the time had come for action. I looked down, picked up my last boot, fondly regarded it for a moment, then sent it whizzing at its accustomed mark (his head), with the usual result; it hit something, not the head of the Pimple, of course, but something of greater value, and which was breakable. I gave vent to my wounded feelings in the customary way, and surrendered. Then I thought all would be peace for a time, but I did not fully know the duplicity of that person's nature.

He at once began recommending professors, manuals, books, and such, until I had to propel him quickly through the open door on to the gravel path beyond, with the request that he would keep outside until wanted.

Having taken the plunge I began to cast about me for a coach, and having fixed up with a first-class man, commenced operations.

I soon found that the aggravating Pimple was quite right in what he said about learning to give things their proper names. I knew a good deal about chords and harmony generally, but it was in my own way, and Dr. Tintacks soon dropped on

this, and made me, so to speak, learn all the alphabet over again in a proper manner.

Well, after three months pegging away at harmonizing melodies and basses, musical history, simple counterpoint, and general musical knowledge, he said I *might* stand a chance of getting through if I kept at it, especially the counterpoint.

My word! how I did bless each of those five species, seemingly so simple, but aggravating beyond expression at times. Often and often did I add parts to a *canto-fermo*, which went swimmingly until, perhaps, the last two or three bars, and no amount of coaxing would induce them to go any further, and satisfy my old pedagogue at the same time.

Luckily Dr. Tintacks was not easily put out, and not at all pugnacious, otherwise he would have had a bad time of it. He was about four-feet-nothing, and fairly flabby, whilst I was a good five-feet-ten, and hard as nails, and used sometimes to stalk into his study with a smile of fearful meaning on my purple lips, whereupon he generally managed to get to windward of his writing-table, and diplomate a bit until I had cooled down, and was able to tell him of my difficulty. And then, what a transformation; taking up his dirty little stump of blue pencil he would alter a note here and there, add a passing note or two, and the difficulty I had slaved at for hours, perhaps, had disappeared. It is on such occasions as these that one realizes the great importance of having been "strictly reared," as Mark Twain has it, or I feel quite sure I should have incautiously dropped some remark not exactly suitable for the average copy-book; one does feel such an ass when so easy a way out of a difficulty has to be pointed out, and I verily believe if I had discerned the slightest suspicion of a twinkle in Dr. T.'s eye, that smile of fearful meaning would have gradually spread o'er my face, and caused the little man to close the lesson somewhat abruptly.

At last I sent in my application, and in due course was summoned to attend the examination. Arriving at the place I was ushered into a long narrow room, with desks ranged along each side, and a sort of rostrum at the far end, where the presiding deity sat and gloated over the agonies of the perspiring prisoners who were unable to get their papers answered satisfactorily in the time allowed.

I found myself located between two young ladies, who evidently knew each other, and talked over and round me before the performance commenced. It was most embarrassing, but I hadn't been introduced, and didn't want to be pulverised with a look of withering scorn if I chipped in; besides, one had

a small ruler, and the other a large piece of india-rubber, and I meant to borrow both before the day was over.

Nearly opposite me was a person who irritated me immensely. He was distinctly obese as to figure, and his fat, round face wore a self-satisfied complacent smirk, no doubt intended as the outward visible form of inward musical ability, and, as he lolled back in his chair, with his fat, red hands clasped on his—well, waistcoat, waiting for the examiner to hand round the papers, I felt an almost irresistible desire to hurl something at the fourth button of the aforesaid garment, and see him “curl up on the floor,” as the manner of such is when appealed to forcibly.

At last the examiner dealt out the cards—I mean papers—and all set to work to read them through. The harmony paper came first, and I soon found it was quite do-able provided there was time. In the middle of one question, however, I got stuck, and the awful possibilities of not getting through, after all, dawned upon me. I wanted inspiration (I was already well supplied with the other 'spiration), and looked round at my left-hand neighbour. She was staring straight out of the window, chewing the end of her pen-holder, and utterly useless for my purpose. I then glanced across at the Porpoise, who had evidently just finished his answer to the same question, and beamed on me with a most superior smile. Stifling the strong desire to use unorthodox expletives, I looked hurriedly away to my right-hand neighbour. She was playing something on the desk with one hand, and writing it down with the other; from the motions her hand made I could not help guessing at the chords (6 4 3, 7 4 2, or whatever they were), and suddenly came to the awful conclusion I must be cribbing from some one else.

A sudden instinct caused me to look round at the presiding deity who (as Milton puts it),

“High on a throne of royal (?) state . . . exalted sat,”

and really in some degree resembled the gentleman to whom Milton referred! (I learnt afterwards accidentally that my feverish imagination was shared by others.) He was, of course, looking straight at me. My eyes glued themselves on my own paper immediately and stayed there till I'd finished; but, when handing my papers to him at the close of the exam., I felt very uncomfortable, especially after asking that a window might be opened to let a little air into the room before the next paper was set he replied that he did not feel any too warm!

A little *viva voce* pleasantly filled in the time before the next paper. I say *pleasantly* advisedly, as the examiner was a chatty, lively little chap,

who asked questions in a half-reluctant sort of way, and sandwiched a little small talk between each; whilst I sat on a music stool and occasionally played a chord or two on the piano with a light and airy touch (when he asked me to do so) in my most nonchalant quite-at-my-ease manner. We parted very good friends, but somehow I didn't get as many marks as I expected. I'm afraid one joke I made rather upset him.

Then came my bug-bear—counterpoint. There were about four questions, none of which *looked* difficult, but all nearly floored me. I dared not look at the Porpoise, so certain was I that he would smile condescendingly and make me feel mad. By a great effort I managed to get through two of them decently, and felt safe for half marks at least (and that's all I got ultimately). When closing-time came I have a sigh of relief and bolted outside for some fresh air and a cigarette. The other things did not bother me; I answered pretty nearly all the questions and felt confident as to results.

On taking the papers to Dr. Tintacks he pointed out several things I'd done wrongly, and I began to tremble lest that confounded Pimple should, after all, be able to point the finger of scorn and say, “Yah! I thought as much, couldn't pass that twopenny-halfpenny exam.!”

At last, late one Saturday night, came an official document containing the momentous news. I made my will, plucked up my remaining courage, and opened it. The first word I saw was “Pass.” This was too much for my excited nerves, and I nearly emptied the milk jug. This gentle stimulant revived me sufficiently to notice that I had passed very well in one subject, decently in three others, but had only just scraped through in the last.

Old Tintacks was playing the organ on Sunday, and I went up into the loft and stuck the “tidings of comfort and joy” on the music desk right under his nose. His voluntary was nearly brought to an untimely end in consequence, but he managed to finish up decently, and congratulated me on my success, at which he openly confessed he was agreeably surprised. So was I, to tell the truth. I am afraid my fair neighbours were not so lucky; but the Porpoise was, as I met him afterwards and found him to be a very jolly sort of chap—but he *did* worry me that day, and I told him so.

Just now the Pimple is like Achilles, “sulking in his tent.” He is rather disgusted on the whole with me for passing, I fancy, and reckoned on commiserating with me at my bad luck in just failing, etc., etc., but I've caught him napping this time, dear old chap, and mean to take the change out of *him* for once!

Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Miss Janotha and others, "Dr. Lingard's Violin" (concluded), Result of July Competition, Particulars of New and Special Offer to Subscribers, "Fancies and Facts for Amateur Fiddlers" (No. 3), "Peeps through an Opera Glass" (No. 3), an Article on "Hymn Tune Accompaniments," Particulars of New Competition, &c., &c.



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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AUGUST is now fast becoming the month of months for brain-workers. Students, professors editors, authors, and all engaged in intellectual pursuits especially, then hope to recuperate their failing forces and revive their flagging energies. Our present issue, therefore, is designedly of a less serious turn than usual, and contains but little of a technical kind; for pleasure and relaxation are as important parts of our existence as aught else. Somebody once said that the only difference between work and play was that work was labour involuntarily undertaken, because we *had* to do it; while play was labour undertaken voluntarily and because it pleased us to do it. Surely a better statement would be that, if we work for others, we play principally for ourselves! If, however, the ultimate motive for exertion in any form is, as it should be, unselfish, both work and play are not only justifiable in themselves, but actually necessary elements in the economics of man.

— * * * * —

Wagner's introduction to the "Rheingold" is formed on the chord of E flat from beginning to end. In this respect he was forestalled by Monteverde (1566-1650), whose overture to "Orfeo," therein called "Toccata," consists of a single chord only in varied forms.

Though we seemed grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.—*Spectator*.

Every man has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, sixteen great-great-grand-parents, thirty-two great-great-great-grand-parents, &c. Now if we reckon twenty-five years to a generation, and carry on the above calculation to the time of William the Conqueror, it will be found that each living person must have had at that time even the enormous number of 35,000,000 of ancestors. Each man of the present day may therefore be certain of having had, not only barons and squires, but even crowned heads, dukes, princes, or bishops among his ancestors.

UNAMIABLE MUSICIANS.

Musicians in general, and professional musicians in particular, are often credited with being a cross-grained and irritable race and largely given over to malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. There is the jealous and narrow-minded *prima donna* who will not sing unless her name has been printed in bigger type than the rest of the artistes—been “starred” she calls it; the tenor who says that everybody’s notes but his own are wrongly “produced,” and that he is the only man who can give A from the chest; the pianist who complains of other people’s thumping and whacking; the organist who thinks no one can accompany the Psalms as he does himself, everybody else being either too dramatic or too tame, or they drown the choir or what not; the violinist who grumbles at the faulty intonation of his rivals; and the teachers, great and small, who run each other down, and scoff at each other’s systems and attainments.

Amateur musicians are in reputation not one whit better than the professionals. When not engaged in quarrelling among themselves, if report says truly, they are often employed in endeavouring to deride or belittle their professional superiors; and the difficulty of managing an amateur choir, orchestra or the like is notorious.

Let us consider if all these allegations are true; if so, why? and endeavour to suggest a course of action which would render the relations of the followers of S. Cecilia as concordant in their social aspects as that of lovers of harmony should be.

It is not at all true that there is more jealousy and bad feeling in the musical profession in its higher ranks than there is in any other profession. What there is not be exhibited to the outside world. In the legal, medical and clerical circles there is social etiquette unknown in the musical profession, and a certain amount of reserve exists in criticising the work of a brother practitioner, calculated to uphold its dignity, which is utterly lacking amongst musicians as a whole. The reason of this is, most probably, that these professions are largely close corporations, and the portals are much more carefully guarded than in the profession of music. Character and education, as well as ability, are necessary for admission, and a minimum of requirements insisted upon, below which none can enter here. We are not now concerned to enquire whether in the interests of art it would be either possible or advisable that such a state of things applied to the profession of music; we are merely endeavouring to show why *one* does not *hear* so much of the jealousy existing in, say, the medical profession as in those associated with the arts and sciences, though it, nevertheless, probably exists.

It is easy to see that if the rank and file of a corporation or assemblage of units be nearly equal in strength and efficiency, that its union will be more complete and its defensive power greater than that commanded by individuals alone; while its separate entities will be loth to adopt any line of action which may appear to reflect upon others, and therefore upon themselves. In the musical profession, however, there is no formal rank and file, officers or commander-in-chief; the public place all on one level until in some way or another something demonstrates or persuades it that he, she, it or they should be placed in a superior class to the rest. The world at large cares not one jot whether Signor Q’s top A is from the chest, his head or his boots, if the effect is good; while it is equally indifferent as to whether he ran away with somebody else’s wife and now thrashes her unmercifully, or is a perfect paragon of virtue, so long as it is sufficiently amused and pleased.

This being the case, it might appear that the petty jealousies of artists were not very important, though they are often amusing, as, after all, no one can deceive the public on a matter on which they have a right to please themselves. So it would, were it not that a very large number of persons who make their living out of music never appeal to the public as performers; and it is a certain fact that there are hundreds of excellent musicians in the land who, from peculiarities of temperament, training, or lack of opportunities, do not appear on the platform, yet accomplish excellent, in fact, invaluable service as teachers; and *this is, unfortunately, the very class* most likely to suffer from malicious and thoughtless criticism that is, perhaps, not far removed from slander. They do not come directly before the public, which only knows them by their fruits in the way of pupils (what if they cannot get them!), and through their private reputation. Then, perhaps, a German baker or a Swiss waiter with an ear for music sets up as a teacher just opposite, and, after flooding the neighbourhood with circulars couched in high-flown language, succeeds in enticing away their too scanty pupils. What wonder if, under these circumstances, teachers of music are inclined to attempt to improve their own position by depreciating others? It is always easier to destroy than create; easier to lower a rival’s reputation than to gain one for one’s self. And it is, therefore, only our poor, weak human nature which makes jealousy and its attendant evils rather more obvious in the musical profession than in some of the callings which are better organised.

Then again, the abnormal sensitiveness, almost inordinate personal vanity, possessed by many

artistic temperaments, is responsible for much. Poor, easily-wounded souls, they feel slighted on the smallest provocation, and are often offended sore, where no offence was meant, through morbid sensibility, which really prevents them from ever thoroughly enjoying themselves, either at home or abroad. When they are at home they think they ought to be somewhere else, and when they are somewhere else they wish they were at home if they don't receive the homage they think they deserve. There is always a special danger that the followers of art will become vain, unless they are absolutely unselfish and free from self-seeking; and those who cannot follow her for her own sake will, therefore, be always liable to suffer many unhappy days.

To preach Christian charity and forbearance to a multitude almost devouring each other in the fierce struggle for existence, would provoke perhaps a smile, and, in the heat of battle, would

hardly be likely to be heeded. But if the combatants are once placed on level ground, and each given a chance of fairly contesting for their right to existence, mutual respect and regard will take the place of hatred and uncharitableness, so far as it ever can do when the fighters are many and the spoil limited.

In the interests of art and artistes, therefore, it is imperatively necessary that while musicians who gain their living by public performances are to be left to enjoy such fruits of their skill as the public may accord them, that musicians who are teachers should be protected and preserved, for the good of the nation at large, from the marauding propensities of incompetent and unprincipled persons. Then we should have fewer "unamiable musicians," and a compact, self-respecting, and dignified body of artists, whose motto was "Harmony," both in theory and in practice.



CARL CZERNY ON PLAYING FROM MEMORY.

(FROM THE "GREAT PIANOFORTE SCHOOL," 1839).

1. Some pupils have so good a musical memory that they embarrass their teachers with it; for when they have played a piece through only once they are enabled to play it by heart, and will not therefore take the trouble to look at the notes. The evil consequence of this quality is almost certainly that the pupil will become accustomed to an incorrect and imperfect manner of playing, and neglect altogether the acquiring of readiness and correctness in reading the notes. But nothing is more easy than to find a remedy, which, if it will not altogether correct this quality—which, by-the-by, is generally indicative of great talent—will at least divert it into a useful channel. So soon as the pupil has played a piece several times through let him directly begin another, which will oblige him, on the first reading of it, to again look attentively at the notes. And this plan must be persisted in till his eyes become used to attend firmly to the notes, and to the reading of them with correctness. Let him, then, again begin the pieces before gone through, and study them with the requisite degree of attention.

2. On the other hand, it is more difficult to accustom such pupils to play by heart as do not possess a good musical memory; but, in general, this is by no means impossible. Among the pieces already studied, choose a very short and easy one, a waltz for example, or a thema taken from some opera, and let the pupil learn it by heart, bar by bar; causing him to notice in what octave each passage occurs, whether the notes ascend or descend, whether they are long or short, &c.; and, in case of necessity, he may

at first learn the accompaniment in the left hand alone.

3. The power of retention has, as is well known, many peculiarities. Some more easily retain the forms of the notes, and must therefore avail themselves of the retentive powers of the eye. Others more easily retain the succession of the notes; they employ the retentive powers of the ear. Even the movements of the fingers more readily impress themselves on the memories of some, and in this case the memory is worked upon by the *sense of touch*. A piece once learnt by heart must be repeated daily, that it may not be again forgotten. In this way we may learn one piece after another, till at length the memory will become so strengthened as to retain with certainty even longer and more difficult pieces.

4. It is at once an agreeable and honourable quality to be able to play correctly from memory many pieces of music, and we are not in this case obliged always to carry our music about with us. We often meet accidentally with a pianoforte, and it is a very unpleasant feeling for us when, after many stumbling attempts at a beginning of one piece or other, we are compelled to excuse ourselves from playing altogether by exclaiming, "I know nothing by heart."

Lastly, a piece well studied and committed to memory is generally executed with a certain freedom and facility which imparts an additional charm to it, and which very nearly approximates to extemporaneous playing. We advise every tolerable player to have always at his command, and by heart, at least one dozen pieces of different sorts.

"DR. LINGARD'S VIOLIN."

By JOHN BULMER, Mus. B. (of Trinity College, Dublin).

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gone!" So I involuntarily exclaimed (or rather sighed) more than half aloud, as I stepped across the hall. "Gone!" (*And maybe the fiddle gone too!*)

I was sorry, the moment after, that I had betrayed before the housemaid any anxiety about Miss Roberts, and so evident disappointment at her sudden removal from the scene. It was likely enough she would put some entirely false construction on the matter, and there was no saying what impressions she might consider it necessary to communicate to others!

Whatever the interest I felt in that fiddle and its fate, it was still stupid of me, and unfortunate; and the circumstance discomposed me not a little during the evening. And, as it appeared, not without reason, for as I was standing for a few moments musing in front of the hall fire, previous to going into the tea-room, I observed, in the region of the kitchens, a door slightly ajar, and someone lingering about it, and, as I fancied, watching me! And sure enough it was so. There was the full, round face of that housemaid fixed upon me, with as much interest as a countenance totally devoid of expression could well manifest!

"Confound that girl!" I muttered between my teeth, though not exactly knowing what she had done to deserve the imprecation. "Confound that girl! I had better say something to her, perhaps."

With this apparently prudent resolution, I stepped up to my bedroom, and rang for—for some hot water! When the young woman had duly supplied me with this requisite of the toilet, I took occasion to observe in a very casual sort of way, "By-the-bye, it didn't matter in the least about my not finding Miss Roberts when I came in. I had merely met with a friend of her's in Manchester, and had a message to deliver to her. I can send it after, if necessary. My not finding her here was of no consequence whatever; not worth thinking about." I said all this by way of disabusing her mind of anything absurd, and of stopping her mouth. "And look here, Mary," I added, in order to make things more secure, "you have had some trouble in looking after my room, and I must not forget to make you an acknowledgment. Here's a five-shilling piece for you."

"Well, sir, it's very kind of you; it is, indeed."

"Oh, not at all," said I.

I then went down and rejoined the family circle for an hour or two.

It was the habit of Mr. Churchill to retire early

on Saturday evenings, and he had left me about ten o'clock, in the library, to smoke my cigar alone. The housemaid had been directed to furnish me with materials for my glass of toddy. When she came with the things she lingered, I thought, as if she had something to say.

"Well?" said I.

"The mistress seems much put about, sir, at your missing Miss Roberts, and not being able to deliver your messages to her. I never saw the mistress so much put about, nor Miss Churchill neither."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "you haven't gone and said anything to the ladies?"

"Deed, but I have, sir; there weren't, surely, any harm, were there?"

"Harm? Why, girl, you must be a fool!"

"La! sir, if only I had known! But you said it were nothing of the least consequence! And I *did* feel so sorry for poor Miss Roberts getting away without receiving those messages, particularly as she had seemed so unhappy about going."

Here was a pickle. It was clear that the least said to that housemaid on any subject, the soonest mended; and I felt that the *warmth* I had just exhibited was not well adapted to remove any absurd idea she might have got into her head! I could only make the best of it, and take care not to say anything, still less to *explain* anything, further.

Reviewing the incidents of this Saturday afternoon, the reader can picture the internal state of disquietude in which I presently sought my pillow!

CHAPTER IX.

It was now Sunday morning, and the constant worrying of myself in which, since the governess's departure (to say nothing of the affair of the housemaid) I had been occupied, was positively beginning to incapacitate me for the important duties which I had during the day to perform. There had arisen a new element in my perplexity and bewilderment. When I meditated upon the sudden journey of Miss Roberts, at a highly inconvenient juncture, and seemingly without any necessity for it, her unwillingness to undertake it, and the *tears* (so had that precious woman informed me) with which she had appealed against it, and when I viewed this in connection with my hostess's evident embarrassment on my asking, the day before, for a musical half-hour with her governess; when I recalled those strange chameleon-like appearances at Friday's dinner-table; and lastly, when I endeavoured to con-

strue the perturbation of Mrs. Churchill and her daughter at my inquiring for Miss Roberts after she was gone; when, I say, I meditated upon all these conspiring details, I came gradually to a conviction that Miss Roberts had not been so anxious to avoid an interview with me as the Churchills (for reasons best known to themselves) had been to keep her out of my way.

Under the influence of this new suspicion, and the distractions which accompanied it, I went to church and took my place at the organ. The reader will not be surprised to learn that, although I got through the service without any absolute breakdown, yet I was guilty of one or two rather stupid inadvertences, and of this one in particular, I played an "Amen" (so completely had I been thrown out of my bearings by the disappearance of the governess, aggravated by the indiscretions of the housemaid) at the end of the first head of the rector's sermon, to my own intense disgust, and equally so, I should suppose, to that of the preacher himself.



"THE RECTOR'S DISMAY AT DR. LINGARD'S ORGAN-PLAYING."

After this it seemed necessary to find some remedy for a state of things which was beginning to result in public inconvenience, and it occurred to me to cease now from speculations, and to apply myself to something that would serve a practical

purpose. I knew that Roberts was the name of the person who had won the violin, but her identity with *our* Miss Roberts (though I felt morally certain of it) was not demonstrated. Miss Roberts herself had (to say the least) not admitted it, and I had not been able to ascertain it through Crosslie, and Alton Towers' Rectory (I felt by instinct) would give me no assistance. But there was one other resource. It seemed possible—and not very improbable—that the good lady in whose establishment we had boarded together at Königswasser, and under whose direction the raffle of the violin had taken place, might have a tolerable recollection of the circumstances, for it was not so very long since, and be in a position to communicate what might be of use to me amid my present uncertainties. I remembered her name—Mrs. Jacobs—and I despatched to her that very Sunday afternoon a letter, requesting all particulars of the affair that she could recall to mind, and more especially anything she might chance to know respecting the winner of the instrument. This measure, by suspending and postponing interest, procured me that temporary relief from distracting thoughts which the exigencies of the present duty demanded.

I may now briefly sum up the remainder of my visit to Alton Towers by stating that the Sunday evening service (so far as its musical accompaniment was concerned) went a great deal better than that in the morning, that on the ensuing Monday I gave an organ recital, which was so far successful as being very well attended, and that as soon as it was over I took my departure by rail, and lastly, that, while overwhelmed with civilities and compliments on the part of my host and hostesses, I did not receive from them any second pressing invitation to prolong my stay over the approaching bazaar!

CHAPTER X.

After leaving Alton Towers it seemed to me that if I really cared to acquire that old Italian violin, I ought to put myself without delay in communication with the parties immediately concerned. With Miss Roberts herself I could not readily negotiate, not knowing her present whereabouts, but it might be sufficient for all purposes if I dropped a line to Messrs. Crosslie on the subject, and this I did briefly, as follows:—

"To Messrs. Crosslie, Manchester.—The gentleman who inspected the Guarnerius violin on Saturday last entertains the idea of purchasing (provided the price asked be not excessive), and he will call again on Messrs. Crosslie, within a week at latest.

"Tuesday, October 31st."

This seemed to be sufficient. A certain undefined suspicion regarding the Churchills—whom I

knew to be well acquainted with Crosslie's people—caused me to send the above anonymously, and also in the handwriting of another person. An unnecessary precaution, no doubt, but these Churchills had puzzled me, and I was irritated at them, and I determined that, if I got the fiddle, they should know nothing whatever about the transaction.

CHAPTER XI.

I had been at home some four or five days when the postman brought me a foreign-looking letter, the contents of which ran thus:—

"Königswasser, November 1st.

"Sir,—I well remember the circumstance to which you refer, and can supply you with most of the particulars. The violin was the property of an old gentleman, a Herr Ritter, teacher of music, dancing, &c., who fell ill during his visit to the baths here, and who died in my house. His widow disposed variously of things belonging to him, and among the rest had his violin raffled for. Referring to my visitors' book of that date, I find the following names:—Mons. and Madame Mirabeau, of Paris, a Dr. Lebour and two sons, also from Paris, a Madame Stamitz, from Berlin, two ladies (sisters) called Dörner, of this neighbourhood, a family of the name of Macpherson, Scotch people, a Mrs. Churchill and her daughter, from England, and yourself. I think we had no others, except, of course, Madame Ritter. The violin was thought to be a good one, and might have sold for more by waiting, but I did not encourage this, because Madame was in my debt, and I proposed a raffle, to which she agreed. Most of the people in the house and a few outsiders took (in English reckoning) two-and-sixpenny lots. The sum realised was between two and three pounds. The name of the winner was Constance Roberts, a friend of Miss Churchill's, and, I understood, a violinist, in whose favour she had taken an additional lot. Miss Churchill, of course, took away the instrument to England for her friend. This is all I am able to tell you, but perhaps it may be enough for your purpose. With best respects, I am, sir, yours obediently, Rachel Jacobs."

Enough, indeed. From this letter the whole case was clear as daylight, and I need not say what I thought of it. The puzzle was now solved, but was that to be the end? It *ought* not to be, and I thought I had a plain, practical duty under the circumstances, that, namely, of setting right what was so shamefully wrong. But how was this to be effected? Could it be effected?

Of that I now took counsel with myself, and, after some deliberation, I fancied I could see a way to the desired end.

I will simply state, in their chronological order, the several steps I adopted, and for this purpose will enter upon a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

There was one little link to be supplied in the identification of the owner of the fiddle, and to this I first turned my attention. I sent a confidential letter to the postmaster at Alton Towers (an intelligent man, whose acquaintance I had made during my visit), asking him to favour me with the Christian name of the rector's governess, which he might probably know from the superscriptions of letters, or from signatures to orders, &c., and I had no difficulty in thus finding what I desired.

* * * * *

I also made some little inquiry as to the character and circumstances of the Churchill family. I ascertained (what for the most part I knew already) that they were people of the highest respectability, moving in the best circles, and that Mr. Churchill had one of the most valuable preferments in the district. If there was anything to their disadvantage, it was that they had a tendency to extravagance, and were apt to live up to the full measure of their income, and, it had been whispered, even a little beyond it.

* * * * *

Then, lastly, I betook myself to Crosslie's. Not so much for actual information; for I was pretty well aware how matters stood in reference to the fiddle; how Miss Lucretia, on discovering it to be an instrument of high value, had shabbily and dishonourably backed out of her original intentions regarding it, and absolved herself from all obligation to hand it over to its rightful, though unconscious owner. I knew all this; but I wished to secure Crosslie's testimony to certain facts, in view of future contingencies and possible difficulties. I therefore called, and asked to see the violin once again. I inspected, it now with an increased interest, and, as I made a more extensive trial of it, I became aware that it was really a magnificent *Cremona*, and I felt already that it was *mine*!

"You would not tell me the name of the lady owner of this fiddle," said I to the shopman; "and you were, of course, quite right, but you will not object to my telling *you*. What do you say to Miss Lucretia Churchill for its owner? Isn't she a young lady well worthy of such an instrument?"

"Oh, then, you knew all about it all the time, sir!" replied the man; "I see, I see. Yes, she wants to dispose of it. We wrote her this week that we had a customer in view, and named £60 as the right figure to sell at. We only await her consent to this."

"£60," said I, "that's a heavy pull! However," I added, "it might possibly be managed. The fiddle is a prize, no doubt. But, of course, I need settle nothing to-day, especially as you have not heard anything final from the lady."

The reader will readily understand that I had no intention of settling anything in the way proposed. I had got from Crosslie all I required, and was just turning out of the shop-door, when, lo! full in my face, an apparition, and one that I was as little desiring as expecting to behold—the housemaid of Alton Towers!

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, as we met almost in collision. "Good heavens!" was all the greeting I could muster, as she curtsied past me into the shop.

CHAPTER XIII.

"What in the world could that woman have to do at Crosslie's," thought I, on presently recovering my breath in the next street, "could she have been sent with the expected communication from Miss Churchill? Not by any means impossible. Ah, stay; she couldn't be going to take away the fiddle, could she? By Jove!" The mere flash of such a thought gave me an indescribable sensation. "But no, that was not likely. There was, however, one thing; she would identify Messrs. Crosslie's anonymous correspondent, and go and report at Alton Towers accordingly. She would do this, unless I was greatly deceived in her. And that was just what I hadn't wanted. Confound her!"

"But, after all," I thought, "as to this latter, does it signify? It seemed to signify *then*; but Mrs. Jacob's letter had put a new face upon everything. Oh, no; it couldn't signify to anything I had *now* in view." And so I returned home in a

state of composure, after having arrived at this very reasonable conclusion.

But, alas! we cannot always command reasonable views of things; the imagination will have its way with us sometimes, more especially when harassments have preceded and unstrung the mind. During the course of that evening I could not prevent the return upon me from time to time of uncomfortable surmises and suspicions engendered by my late *rencontre* with that housemaid! These impressions grew as the night waxed later and more solitary, and, gathering special force after I had gone to bed, finally culminated in such a dream as I never had before or since. It were impossible to describe it so as to give any idea of its length or of the sensations of which it was the vehicle to me! Sufficient to say that every less pleasing reminiscence of my recent sojourn at Alton Towers' Rectory, every infelicitous situation, every perplexing incident and disagreeable surprise; all—individually and collectively—were repeated and diversified to me, as in an interminable series of kaleidoscopic views! Throughout all there was the diapason of Mrs. Churchill's haranguing voice—with the grand, but awful, "Amen" booming at the end of every sentence. But the one object most fixedly before my view, and which most perturbed me in my dream, was the gaunt figure of that housemaid in secure, and apparently permanent, possession of the old Italian violin—of which I had dared to conceive in Crosslie's that it was "already mine!" The morning came at last, and heaven knows how thankful I felt when I awoke, and behold! it was a dream!

But now, leaving "visions of the night," I proceed (in the next chapter) with the account of my day's work and the practical stroke of business I had in mind to achieve.

(To be concluded.)

— * * * * *

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 3.

A large number of coupons were sent in for this competition, and the first correct one opened bore the motto "Black Dot." The winner's name and address is

R. J. PARLBY,
Hawton Road,
Newark, Notts.,

to whom a cheque for One Guinea has been forwarded.

We are pleased to think that the idea has been so well taken up by our readers, as our intention when making a change in the character of the

competition was to make it attractive, and at the same time instructive in some degree. The melody chosen was designedly very well known and easy of identification, but it is really surprising how many competitors, after having discovered the melody, could not write or copy it down correctly! Some answers lie before us which are truly remarkable in their inaccuracies, and their authors have evidently to learn that writing down music is not quite such easy work as it may seem to be. On the other hand, one or two are quite models of neatness, and at first sight almost rival an en-

graved copy; that bearing the motto "Vincit qui se vincit" deserves special mention.

More than one competitor has asked, "Where should the music be placed?" Our answer is, "Not in the envelope containing the name and address—for obvious reasons."

An interesting point crops up with reference to the melody itself. We were under the impression that the *original* form was



One competitor, however, has marked on his coupon, "From the original by Dr. Arne," and it differs in the last two bars, viz.:-



It would be interesting to know whether a copy of Dr. Arne's original is in the possession of our competitor or whether we have misinterpreted the note on his coupon.

Two specialities in mottos may amuse our readers. One is an anagram and runs:

A ll is fair in love and war;
R ule Britannia's not by Sfohr,
N or is it by Sullivan,
E v'ry one knows that ARNE's the man!

The other consists of three words only; they convey a world of meaning, but we fear would not take the prize for the most popular motto. Here they are:—

"Blessed be drudgery!"

— * * * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. S. (Dulwich), E. E. H. (Halifax), K. F. (Kensington).—Our question was correct as far as it went. Had we included the last four bars of chorus (which, however, merely repeats the notes we concluded with), the last rest would then have been as you state—the value of a quaver.

STUDENT.—Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, is now issuing particulars of the competition shortly to take place for eight new scholarships, which we think would exactly meet the cases you mention. The secretary will no doubt furnish all details on application to him.

PIANOFORTE.—It is a good plan to practise all scales with the fingering of the scale of C, as well as with the ordinary fingering.

CHORISTER.—Experience is always one of the greatest factors. Perseverance will reward your efforts in due course.

J. B. C.—It is not correct to say that the augmented sixth cannot be used uninverted; it is now quite in common use. It is even found so far back as in the works of Weldon, whose anthem, "Hear my crying," introduces it with the happiest effect. Weldon was born at Chichester in either 1676 or 1670, became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and died 7th May, 1736, in London.

MOTIVE.—Mr. Prout's definition of a motive is "a strongly accented note preceded by one or more unaccented or less accented notes, and followed by unaccented notes only when the harmony requires it, or the context shews that the following motive does not begin immediately after the accent."

TYRO.—Wagner has employed three trumpets in the "Tannhäuser" March. So has Mendelssohn in the overture, "Calm sea and prosperous voyage"—"Wedding March" ("Midsummer Night's Dream"). In modern scores there are occasionally parts for four trumpets, two natural and two chromatic.

A. C.—The instrument you refer to is doubtless one named "Denis d'Or." It was invented by Procopius Divis, in Moravia, about 1762.

XENO.—If you would succeed as a musician, it is little use having talent unless you combine with it the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove, though we can quite understand your indignation.

ORGANO.—We think you would like an "Offertoire à la Sonate," by J. T. Field; published by Forsyth Brothers.

A. C. H.—We can quite understand that a person once bitten is twice shy. Let us commend to your attention another proverb, which teaches us that it is quite possible to "be penny wise and pound foolish."

J. H. H.—In No. 28 of Novello's Primers ("The Cornet") the theory and practice of that or of any other 3-piston or 3-valve instrument is explained. Without a thorough theoretical knowledge satisfactory progress can never be made. You must obtain complete control over your instrument by acquaintance with the various harmonic chords obtainable respectively without and with the various combinations of the pistons. Then, but not till then, you will find the rest easy work.

E. L. W.—The best method for surmounting the difficulties connected with "time-counting" is to obtain (through Curwen & Sons, 8 & 9 Warwick-lane, E.C.) Luther W. Mason's "National Music Course, New Second Reader, 1892 Edition," and practise the "time-spelling" (Ta, Te, To, Ti, pronounced Tah, Tay, Toh, Tee) and its subdivisions. The new words, as given here, are being introduced into an edition that has not yet appeared. This method has proved effectual where others have not.

Queries (accompanied by the writer's real name and address), must be received at our office not later than the 12th of each month if they are to be answered in the next issue.



